

The Disappointed Travellers;

O R,

The Three Professions in Tribulation.

A Lawyer, Physician, and rev'rend Divine,
Were invited abroad in the country to dine;
The weather was pleasant, the season was May,
All nature around them look'd smiling and gay.
Derry down, &c.

O'erjoy'd with the journey, they said to themselves,
Let Coke, Shaw, and Sherlock, now sleep on the shelves:
Farewell to Concordance, dull Statutes, and Mead;
While we feast abroad, let the pale student read.

Thus forward they trudg'd it, amus'd with chit-chat,
The rebels, Don Carlos, the Dutch, and all that;
Much pleas'd with the prospect this time of the year,
But more with the thoughts of approaching good cheer.

As their walk now grew less, their hunger wax'd more;
They think of full dishes, and bowls running o'er;
Anticipate all the delights of a feast,
And smell fancy'd fumes half a furlong at least.

Imagine they see a large table well spread,
Here smoked the beef, and there lay a calf's head,
The gammon and fowls rang'd in order close by;
A leasehold wou'd wind up the whole in a pyc.

But men of a round corporation will tell ye,
Chimerical banquets will not fill the belly;
That love is platonic, some stoics declare;
But diet platonic, what mortal can bear!

Now the house, their wish'd haven, appeared in view;
One adjusted his wig, and another his shoe;
But the Parson, much wont to contemplate on high,
Looking up, cou'd no smoke in the chimney espy.

The complaisant Lawyer first knock'd at the door;
"Is your master at home?" and he look'd so demure;
"La! Sir, my good master a journey is geon,
"And win't be at whoam—I cannot tell when."

Eneas of old look'd not more like a ghost,
When searching old Ilium, Creusa was lost;
Nor half famish'd Trojans were so much aghast,
When the harpies devoured their rural repast.

The Parson declar'd, with a sorrowful face,
To fly from his word, shew'd great want of grace;

For, first—revelation and reason allow,
That a promise obliges, as much as a vow.

It appears next from Habakkuk, chapter the first,
That denounces a breach of performance accurst;
And, thirdly—the fathers, from old martyr Justin,
Condemn breach of trust, down to Jerome and Austin.

And, fourthly—hold, cries Habeas Corpus, we did not
come hither

To join both in fasting and preaching together.
When Lawyers are hungry, 'tis a merciless sign;
Poor criminals hang, for fat Judges to dine.

He cou'd prove from the statutes, and Wingate, & Skinner,
That eloping from home, and demuring a dinner,
By defrauding the subject of natural food,
Was actual man-slaughter still understood.

And by Magna Charta's authentic commanding,
It was robbery plain, any wise—notwithstanding;
But the Doctor declar'd it was no time for frolic,
And that fasting did oft-times occasion the cholic.

Then he quoted Hippocrates, Galen, and Wynne,
That when food was all out, the wind will rush in;
Tho' Descartes wou'd never a vacuum allow,
He thought his inside wou'd demonstrate it now.

He shew'd that when passions are rais'd like a tide,
Disappointed at once too soon wou'd subside,
As the string of a fiddle, or screw of a jack,
When wound up too high, of a sudden will crack.

Thus having bewail'd their misfortune alone,
(Dire hunger will sharpen men's wits like a hone)
They deem'd it most requisite not to relate
To their neighbours at home, their tantaliz'd fate.

For, should it be known, 'twould increase their chagrin,
To be jeered like Burton, and Baskwick, and Prynn;
And by consequence very much add to their load;
To be hooted at home, and be famish'd abroad.

But by Gown, and by Cassock, Diploma and Seal,
They vow'd full revenge for the loss of their meal.
Thus vex'd at their fortune, and birk'd of their feast,
Travell'd home in the dumps, Lawyer, Doctor, and Priest.